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Confusion

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HER SWEET VOICE ALWAYS TRAVELS TO MY EAR

*Her sweet voice always travels to my ear.
There is no other eloquence like it.
Her words are wisdom sensible and clear.
My heart and mind are touched and benefit
From such experience that's only known
By her. I have had time unwisely spent
To claim those things that I may never own.
Now how will I repay the love she's lent?*

*Perhaps my youth is wasted without joy
On senseless passions I cannot defend.
Perhaps my meager wit can but annoy
And loosen feelings deep that may offend.*

*I know and still no stronger sorrow take
Than when I try too hard for my friend's sake.*

— Francis Patrick Murphy

CONFUSION

*Looking at my past.
I saw eagerness and promises.
I saw a monument of strength,
now it's nothing but ruins.
I saw solutions for problems.
I saw blueprints for future plans,
now turned into shreds.
I saw calculations so perfect,
now full of errors that I can't fix.
I saw confusion.
I saw clouds,
thick clouds.
I can't see!*

*Time withered away.
Clouds clearing,
and the sky is blue again.*

*I look out to a new horizon.
It was hard to comprehend.*

*I saw eagerness, and promises.
I saw a monument being built.
I found new solutions,
new blueprints,
new calculations.*

*I waited for clouds,
there were no clouds.
Nothing!*

*I found an error.
I found a solution.
I understood.*

*The monument is built.
It stood as high as the sky,
and built with stainless steel.*

*I comprehend.
I live.
I decide.
a purpose in life.*

— Greg D. Pajarillo III

